SEMI-ANNUAL NEWS SERVICE

For Sunday Schools Supporting Specific Objects
Presbyterian Board of National Missions - 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Alaskan Work

February 1935

BARROW HOSPITAL
Point Barrow, Alaska

Just 134 mission boxes came to us this year. The first lot coming on the trading ship "Patterson" which has the mail contract, was in a most deplorable condition, as explained in our mimeographed acknowledgement on the yellow sheet. The second and last lot of boxes came via the "Northland" (the Revenue Cutter), the "North Star", another government boat, and with Captain John Backland on the "C. S. Holmes," our own freighter. These latter came in fine shape, and our other letter on white paper is the acknowledgement as sent to all donors, all being in the mail. The first group of letters went out by plane via Fairbanks early in September. I gave to each church group a personal note written with pen on the reverse side.

The above does not include the large shipment of boxes from Seattle Presbyterial, some eight large boxes, ten great gunny sacks of newspapers, twelve small boxes of milk and vegetables, two crates of eggs (30 doz. each), and two crates of oranges. There was also a roll of table oilcloth, much hand soap, etc.

We received at Barrow four good flags made from wool bunting and several cotton flags. Since we had more than we could well use locally, we sent one to Andrew Akootchoak, Presbytery's licentiate, stationed without salary or other remuneration at Barter Island, some four hundreds of miles S. E. from Barrow near the international boundary. He is a faithful worker, a full blooded Eskimo of the higher type, a kindly disposed, earnest man of pleasing address and manner, and assuredly deserves all possible encouragement. He will appreciate the American flag, and will proudly fly it on every special occasion over his commodious home wherein he maintains a splendid Sunday school and a worship service. We sent one flag to Percy Ipalook, the Board's new appointee at Cape Prince of Wales, where we were first sent in 1920. Dr. Greist erected a good flag pole over the manse while we were there, and Percy will use the flag whenever ships come in. We have given two of the smaller cotton flags to ruling elders here, prominent men of the church and community. And it is hoped to retain one for the prospective (we dare so state it, though we find it a venture of faith) church at Wainwright that splendid and promising village whereat we have an organized church of some two hundred members, the congregation as yet meeting in the Government schoolhouse, an old and dilapidated building wholly unsuited for church work, though we have nothing better. Now we shall no longer be ashamed to fly the American flag from our high staff out in the open upon our mission grounds, the old frayed and soiled flag being now relegated to a high shelf. It requires but a few years for the Arctic winds and frost to ruin a flag even though raised rarely. We shall now display our new colors with pride.

I feel that I have accomplished much this autumn. My part was to cook for the several men employed in ice harvest, in ice hauling from the lake to the mission premises (all the water we use is melted ice) and in getting up the 100 tons of coal from the beach. Meals had to be served those workers as well as prepared for the regular patients and workers in hospital. And I must personally look after all of it. I have unpacked every mission box, sorted, and catalogued all articles and placed them where I can get at them when needed. And I have had to change location of the articles twice, having in the meantime built a new warehouse in which some of the large amount of stuff is stored. And I had to sort all the potatoes, onions, cabbage and eggs, and they likewise had to be altered as to position twice, since Doctor Greist built an inner warm storage to protect things from frost, and got it done late. I also looked after washing all the blankets for the winter. All hospital windows had to be washed by my girls, which I had to oversee. All curtains had to be washed, ironed and put away, except a very few.

My "Mother's Club" has been meeting in the hospital for some time, since we "thinned" out some of the patients last April. That is one big afternoon each week. Every Wednesday night finds me with a very large Junior Bible Class in the hospital kitchen, to which I am teaching the Bible, the childs' catechism, etc., etc. Then on Friday I attend Teachers' Class as conducted by Dr. Greist in the manse, in preparation for the ensuing Sunday school. I hold the primary Sunday school in the hospital for want of room within the church. My primary Sunday school classes number in all from 60 to 70 children, in care of three or four teachers who speak in the native tongue as a matter of necessity that the children may more surely understand.

Helen (my native nurse and very splendid "Right Hand Man"), and I worked over all the old garments and made "new" ones, this taking several weeks' time. After this we began the choir robes, and did not stop until we had made thirty-two of them, lovely robes, as you would acknowledge could you see them worn Sunday morning by the enthusiastic young singers who do remarkably well with the Hymnal.

The entire upper story of the hospital, called "The Attic," was over-hauled, rearranged, cleaned, washed. This, after the warehouse was completed and when we could move out much of the accumulations and stored materials and stock. And for days we packed up the stuff, catalogued it, and carried it out to safety within the well-constructed and locked warehouse which we have so sorely needed for so many years.

I have made three gallons of chilli sauce, and expect to make mince-meat soon. We are also making extensive preparations by way of fur garments for the Doctor's winter travels down the coast to his Southern station at Wainwright, etc., and have the same to do for Lee, the janitor, whom the Doctor hopes to take with him that he may save the excessive cost of a special musher.

Helen, my aforementioned "stand-by", and I hope to get at our Christmas packages for all the natives soon, and that means over three hundred bundles, clothing for the older people, and 100 lbs. of peanuts (sent us by the Board), and the popping corn, and candy for the young. The large poppers I asked for (four of them) came to hand but unpacked as two very small childrens' poppers. We cannot use them for an extensive popping bee, since we need tubs and tubs of the popped corn for so many kiddies at Yuletide.

Semi-Annual News Service

For Age Groups Supporting Specific Objects
Presbyterian Board of National Missions - 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Alaskan — BARROW MISSIONS, Barrow, Alaska — February 1936

Marvin Peter had never walked until he came to Barrow Hospital. At least if he did when he was a baby he had forgotten it. All his life he had lived in his father's igloo at Point Barrow, some twelve miles from the hospital. Yet he had never been to Barrow Hospital, for his people were superstitious, and children in his community were afraid of white people. Marvin had never been able to join his Eskimo friends in games of any kind. He had had to sit at home with his mother, occasionally riding on the dog sled when the family went hunting.

Last year Marvin's parents moved to Barrow. He was glad for the change, but shortly afterwards his knees began to swell and pain. The neighbors told Marvin's father to take him to Dr. Greist, but he did not do so. Then Dr. Greist heard of the boy's suffering and sent an elder of the church to say that he must be brought to the hospital. Dr. Greist had always been told that the boy was paralyzed, but when he examined him he found that he had had rheumatism since a child. So Marvin was taken from his igloo into the nice warm hospital and put into a comfortable bed. After weeks and months of good care and food and medicine he was able to walk about on crutches.

Marvin has had almost no training, but he has learned to read the Bible and to speak English, and he has even written a few letters. He loves to carve ivory and to make whalebone baskets. In fact he is never idle. When the kitchen linoleum needed repairing, it was Marvin who got down on the floor and put on several patches.

Last August a mission box arrived at Barrow filled with beautiful toys. Among them were several little silk boats, very pretty, but on the long journey from Philadelphia to the Arctic, all were broken with the exception of one. Of course they were very much needed, for the last few seasons toys had not come in to Barrow in such large quantities as they had before the depression. They must be mended, but who could do it? Marvin, of course. At once he began to work patiently and painstakingly until each little boat was repaired and ready to be distributed for Christmas.

As Marvin grows stronger and is better able to walk, he is busy making plans. Because of his illness of course he has never been able to join his friends on a seal or walrus hunt, so dear to the heart of every Eskimo boy and man. But he is sure now that he will be able to do so some day soon.

In his mind he has thrown many a harpoon and brought in dozens of seals single-handed. At least he knows that very soon he will be able to walk down to the beach and pick out the seal or walrus he would catch if he were well.

Don't you wish you could see the joy on Marvin's face when he goes on his first walrus hunt?

MARVIN, MENDER OF TOYS

(Reprint from Missionary Mail)

Semi-Annual News Service

For Age Groups Supporting Specific Objects
Presbyterian Board of National Missions - 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Alaska September 1936

BARROW MISSION
Barrow, Alaska

In the March issue of Northern Cross appeared an article by Dr. Henry W. Greist in which he stated: "We hope to get out at least one more issue of the Northern Cross, that of August, before we leave Barrow, but cannot promise. Retired later from missionary service upon the field, we really would enjoy publishing a religious magazine.... It may be wise for us to lookforward to a retirement of quietude, out under our own vine and fig tree in Indiana, sitting under the old apple tree long hours daily, reading dozing, and doing nothing. But that life does not appeal. We have ever lived strenously, and hope to die with out boots on.....

"Literally we have hundreds of unanswered letters from over the church, and from friends not of the church, all unanswered as yet. It is a physical impossibility for us to keep abreast of our rapidly increasing correspondence, try as we will. And yet we so enjoy the encouragement, the kindly helpfulness of it all, and would not have one of these letters become lost... We wish all to know that, if replies are not received promptly, or perhaps not at all, we regret it far more than the writers can, and are doing our utmost. Just three hundred and fifty pieces of first-class mail came in the November mail and two hundred more since."

The Rev. and Mrs. Frederick K. Klerekoper have gone to Barrow to assume charge of the work there. The following word was received September 8th from Mrs. Klerekoper, aboard the North Star: "We are enjoying our trip very much. After leaving Seward we had some rough weather, but the minute we entered Bering Sea, much to our surprise it became calm and warmer. We hope to get to Nome by tomorrow sometime, and this letter will be posted there. Not only the weather but the company is making our trip enjoyable. There are ten of us aboard for Barrow, and the Morgans have had to talk most of the time telling us all about it and answering our many questions. They also have some fine pictures. And speaking of pictures, we are taking up a lot of film and our own developing outfit, and hope to have some good snaps to send from time to time. We also expect to continue the publication of the Northern Cross which Dr. Greist has been putting out."